AN

ELEGY

ON THE LATE REVEREND

George Whitefield, M. A.

Who died SEPTEMBER 30, 1770,

In the 56th Year of his Age.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

AN

ELEGY

On the DEATH of

The Rev. Mr. *George Whitefield*

AND is my WHITEFIELD entred into reſt,
With ſudden death, with ſudden glory bleſt?
Left for a few ſad moments here behind,
I bear his image on my faithful mind;
To future times the fair example tell
Of One who lived, of One who died, ſo well,
Pay the laſt office of fraternal love,
And then embrace my happier Friend above.

O Thou who didſt, in our degenerate days,
This choſen Veſſel for thy glory raiſe,
My heart with my Companion's [illegible]
And touch *my* lips with the celeſtial [illegible]

That while thy ſervant's labours I record,
Sinners may ſee, and magnify his Lord,
Bow to the ſaving Name, and thankful own
The good on earth perform'd is wrought by GOD alone.

His ſovereign grace vouchſaf'd a worm to chuſe,
The veſſel fitting for the Maſter's uſe:
GOD from the womb ſet for himſelf apart
A paſtor faſhion'd after his own heart;
Infus'd the infant-wiſh, the warm deſire,
To miniſter like that angelic quire,
And bad his ſimple ſoul to heaven aſpire.

Awed, and delighted with a GOD unknown,
By glimpſes of his face led gently on,
The powerful, ſweet attraction he purſued,
And fear'd the croud, and ſigh'd for ſolitude;
His ſins and wants in ſecret to declare,
Or wait for bleſſings in the houſe of prayer,
Devotion by the altar-fire to raiſe,
And join the firſt-born church in ſolemn ſongs of praiſe.

But now the Lord, who ſends by whom he will,
Ready his own great purpoſe to fulfil,

Inclin'd

Inclin'd the creature's heart as paſſive clay,
And pointed out his Providential way
To learning's ſeats, for piety deſign'd,
For knowledge ſound, with pure religion join'd,
Schools of the prophets ſons, and well employ'd,
When training ſervants for the courts of GOD.

'Twas there he dared his fathers GOD purſue,
Aſſociating with the derided Few,
(Who, newly ſtarted in the Chriſtian race,
Were blindly following after righteouſneſs,
Outcaſts of men, and fools for JESUS' ſake!)
He long'd their glorious ſcandal to partake,
Couragiouſly took up the ſhameful croſs,
And ſuffering all things in the SAVIOUR's cauſe,
Vow'd to renounce the world, himſelf deny,
And following on with them, with them to live and die.

Can I the memorable day forget,
When firſt we by divine appointment met?
Where undiſturb'd the thoughtful ſtudent roves,
In ſearch of truth, thro' Academic groves,

A modeſt, penſive youth, who mus'd alone,
Induſtrious the frequented path to ſhun,
An Iſraelite without diſguiſe or art
I ſaw, I loved, and claſp'd him to my heart,
A ſtranger as my boſom-friend careſt,
And unawares receiv'd an angel-gueſt.

Mark'd for an angel of the church below,
Muſt he not firſt ſevere temptation know,
Fly from the flaming mount with guilty awe,
And quake to hear the thunders of the law,
Th' accuſer's cruel buffettings ſuſtain,
Still of unconquerable ſin complain,
With cries, and tears that ſeem'd to flow in vain?
Long in the fire, long in the deſart tried,
He daily languiſh'd, and he daily died,
Long by the Spirit of fear in priſon bound,
Groan'd for relief, yet no deliverance found;
Till quite forſaken both of man and God,
And fainting underneath corruption's load,
His faſtings, prayers, and ſtruggles he gave o're,
Sunk in deſpair, and gaſp'd for help no more.

Then

Then in the laſt extream of hopeleſs grief,
JESUS *appear'd!* and help'd his unbelief,
Infus'd the faith which did his ſins remove,
Aſſur'd his heart of GOD's forgiving love,
And fill'd with glorious joy, the joy of ſaints above.

Who but the ſouls that ſavingly believe,
The raptures of a faithful ſoul conceive?
The joy unſpeakable, the love unknown,
The peace he felt is underſtood by none,
By none but thoſe who know their ſins forgiven
Thro' GOD the Holy Ghoſt come down from heaven.

Born of the Spirit now, divinely led,
He haſtes in his dear Saviour's ſteps to tread,
Eager his faith's ſincerity to prove
By all the works of piety and love;
Fruits of repentance firſt, and legal fear,
They now the genuine marks of grace appear,
Their own ſuperior principle maintain,
And juſtify his faith to GOD and man;
While liſtning to forlorn affliction's cries,
Swift to aſſiſt on wings of love he flies,

Help to the ſick, and needy priſoners gives,
And more than their external wants relieves;
Alarms the ſouls that ſleep ſecure in ſin,
Till urg'd the one great buſineſs they begin,
Inſtructs them how to 'ſcape the judgment nigh,
Ye muſt be born again, or dead for ever die!

Nor let the ſcrup'ulous ſons of Levi fear
He thus invades the ſacred character:
Thus every candidate ſhould firſt be tried,
In doing good, in JESUS ſteps abide,
Then exerciſe aright the deacon's powers,
Son to his church, as WHITEFIELD was to ours.

Moved by the Holy Ghoſt to miniſter,
And ſerve his altar, in the houſe of prayer,
Though long reſolv'd for GOD alone to live,
The outward call he trembled to receive,
Shrunk from the awful charge, ſo well prepar'd,
The gift by Apoſtolic hands confer'd,
And cried, with deep unfeign'd humility,
Send, LORD, by whom Thou wilt, but ſend not me.

Yet ſoon he bows before the will Divine
Clearly demonſtrating its own deſign,
Call'd by a Prelate good, no more delays
T' accept with awe the conſecrating Grace,
And offers up, thro' the Redeemer's blood,
His body, ſpirit, ſoul, a ſacrifice to GOD.

He now begins, from every weight ſet free,
To make full trial of his miniſtry,
Breaks forth on every ſide, and runs, and flies,
Like kindling flames that from the ſtubble riſe,
Where'er the Miniſterial Spirit leads,
From houſe to houſe the heavenly fire he ſpreads,
Ranges thro' all the city-lanes and ſtreets,
And ſeizes every prodigal he meets.

Who ſhall the will and work divine oppoſe?
His ſtrength with his increaſing labour grows:
Workman and work th' Almighty hath prepar'd,
And ſent of GOD, the ſervant muſt be heard,
Ruſh thro' the opening door, on ſinners call,
Proclaim the truth, and offer CHRIST to all.

" Sound an alarm, the goſpel-trumpet blow,
" Let all their time of viſitation know;
" The Saviour comes! (you hear his herald cry)
" Go forth and meet the Friend of ſinners nigh!"
Rous'd from the ſleep of death, a countleſs croud,
(Whoſe hearts like trees before the wind are bow'd,
As a thick cloud, that darkens all the ſky,
As flocking doves, that to their windows fly,)
Preſs to the hallow'd courts, with eager ſtrife,
Catch the convincing word, and hear for life.
Parties and ſects their endleſs feuds forget
And fall, and tremble at the preacher's feet,
Prick'd at the heart, with one conſent inquire
What muſt we do t' eſcape the never-dying fire?

Made apt to teach he points them out the way,
And willing multitudes the truth obey;
He lets his light on all impartial ſhine,
And ſtrenuouſly aſſerts the birth divine;
The Spirit freely given to all who claim
That promis'd Comforter in JESUS name;

The

The pardon bought ſo dear, by grace beſtow'd,
Receiv'd thro' faith in the atoning blood.
While yet he ſpeaks, the LORD himſelf comes down,
Applies and proves the gracious word his own,
The Holy Ghoſt to thirſty ſouls imparts,
And writes forgiveneſs on the broken hearts.

But lo! an ampler field appears in view,
And calls his champion forth to conqueſts new:
Nor toils, nor dangers can his zeal repreſs,
Nor crouds detain him by his own ſucceſs:
In vain his children tempt him to delay,
With prayers and tears invite his longer ſtay,
Or aſk, as ſharers of his weal or woe,
To earth's remoteſt bounds with him to go:
He leaves them all behind, at JESUS' word,
He finds them all again in his beloved LORD.

See, where he flies! as if by Heaven deſign'd,
T' awake and draw our whole apoſtate kind!
He takes the eagle's with the mornings wings,
To other worlds the great ſalvation brings,

As ſent, with joyful news of ſins forgiven,
To every ranſom'd ſoul on this ſide heaven!

With ready mind th' Americans receive
Their angel-friend, and his report believe,
So ſoon the ſervant's heavenly call they find,
So ſoon they hear the Maſter's feet behind:
He comes—to wound, and heal! At his deſcent
The mountains flow, the rocky hearts are rent;
Numbers acknowledging their gracious day
Turn to the LORD, and caſt their ſins away,
And faint and ſink, beneath their guilty load,
Into the arms of a forgiving GOD.
His Son reveal'd, they now exult to know,
And after a deſpis'd Redeemer go,
In all the works prepar'd their faith to prove,
In patient hope, and fervency of love.

How bleſt the meſſenger whom JESUS owns,
How ſwift with the commiſſion'd word he runs!
The ſacred fire ſhut up within his breaſt
Breaks out again, the weary cannot reſt,

Cannot

Cannot conſent his feeble fleſh to ſpare,
But ruſhes on, JEHOVAH's harbinger:
His one delightful work, and ſtedfaſt aim
To pluck poor ſouls as brands out of the flame,
To ſcatter the good ſeed on every ſide,
To ſpread the knowledge of the Crucified,
From a ſmall ſpark a mighty fire to raiſe,
And fill the continent with JESUS praiſe.

What recompence for all his endleſs toil?
The Maſter pays him with a conſtant ſmile,
With peace, and power, and comforts from above,
Grace upon grace, and floods of rapt'rous love.
When often ſpent and ſpiritleſs he lies,
JESUS beholds him with propitious eyes,
And looks him back his ſtrength, and bids ariſe,
Sends him again to run the lengthen'd race,
Proſpers his work, and ſhines on all his ways.

The man of GOD, whom GOD delights t' approve
In his great labours of Parental love,
Love of the little ones---for theſe he cares,
The lambs, the orphans, in his boſom bears;

Knowing

Knowing in whom he truſts, provides a place,
And ſpreads a table in the wilderneſs,
A father of the fatherleſs, ſupplies
Their daily wants---with manna from the ſkies,
In anſwer to his prayer ſo ſtrangely given,
His fervent prayer of faith that opens heaven.

What mighty works the prayer of faith can do!
The good of ſouls, and JESUS in his view,
He ſees the baſis ſure, which cannot fail,
Laid by the true Divine Zerubbabel;
The riſing houſe built up by ſwift degrees,
The crowning-ſtone brought forth with ſhouts he ſees:
The LORD hath finiſh'd what his hands begun,
Aſcribe the gracious work to grace alone.

The houſe is built; and ſhall not GOD provide?
Plentiful help pours in on every ſide,
From hearts inclin'd the hungry lambs to feed
By Him, who ſatisfies the poor with bread;
Whoſe bleſſing makes the earth her riches yield,
The wilderneſs become a fruitful field,

Bids

Bids golden harveſts round his houſe ariſe,
And turns a waſte into a paradiſe.

With heart inlarg'd, with confidence increas'd,
In all his purpoſes and labours bleſs'd,
The ſteward wiſe, and faithful to his truſt,
Gives GOD the praiſe, and ſinks into the duſt,
And cries, o'rewhelm'd his Maſter's ſmile to ſee,
" O when ſhall I begin to live for Thee!"

More grace is on the humble man beſtow'd,
More work on him that loves to work for GOD;
By whoſe ſupreme decree, and kind command
He now returns, to bleſs his native land,
(Nor dreads the threatnings of the wat*in*try deep,
Or all its ſtorms, with JESUS in the ſhip)
To ſee how the belov'd diſciples fare,
Fruits of his toil, and children of his prayer,
A ſecond goſpel-benefit t' impart,
And comfort, and confirm the faithful heart.

So the firſt Miſſioners in JESUS name,
Went forth, the world's Redeemer to proclaim,

The crucified, ſupreme, eternal GOD,
The general peace and pardon in his blood;
From clime to clime the reſtleſs heralds run,
To make their SAVIOUR thro' the nations known,
Planted in every place, to ſerve their Lord,
A living church, and watred by the word,
While Heaven was pleas'd their miniſtry to bleſs,
And God beſtow'd the thouſand-fold increaſe.

But ſhall my partial, fond preſumption dare
A ſtripling with Apoſtles to compare?
Their powers miraculous he dared not claim,
Though ſtill his goſpel, and his GOD the ſame.
Commiſſion'd by his GOD, the word of grace
(Where'er the LORD an open door diſplays)
Freely as he receives, he freely gives,
And daily dying, by the goſpel lives;
Renews his ſtrength, renews his proſperous toil
In every corner of our favour'd iſle,
And publiſhes ſalvation to the poor,
And ſpreads the joyous news from ſhore to ſhore.

For when the rich a proffer'd CHRIST reject,
And ſpurn the preacher with his odious ſect,
Out of their temples caſt, he ſtrait obeys,
Goes forth to all the hedges and high-ways,
Arreſts the moſt abandon'd ſlaves of ſin,
And forces the poor vagrants to come in,
To ſhare the feaſt for famiſh'd ſouls deſign'd,
And fill the houſe inlarg'd for all the ſinful kind.

How beauteous on the mountain-tops appear
The feet of GOD's auſpicious Meſſenger,
Who brings good tidings of a world forgiven,
Who publiſhes a peace 'twixt earth and heaven,
And cries to Zion, He that purg'd thy ſtains,
Thy SAVIOUR-GOD and KING for ever reigns!

Soon as he thus lifts up his trumpet-voice,
Attentive thouſands tremble, or rejoice:
Who faithfully the welcome truth receive,
Rejoice, and cloſer to their SAVIOUR cleave:
Poor chriſtleſs ſinners, wounded by the word
(Lively and ſharper than a two-edg'd ſword,

Spirit and ſoul almighty to divide)
Drop, like autumnal leaves, on every ſide,
Lamenting after Him they crucified!
While GOD inſpires the comfort, or the dread,
Wider, and wider ſtill the cry is ſpread,
Till all perceive the influence from above,
O'rewhelm'd with grief, or ſwallow'd up in love.

What multitudes repent, and then believe,
When GOD doth utterance to the preacher give!
Whether he ſpeaks the words of ſober ſenſe,
Or pours a flood of artleſs eloquence,
Ranſacks the foul apoſtate creature's breaſt,
And ſhews the man half devil, and half beaſt;
Or warmly pleads his dear Redeemer's cauſe;
Or pity on the poor and needy draws:
" The Deiſt ſcarce from offering can with-hold,
" And miſers wonder they ſhould part with gold :"
Oppoſers ſtruck the powerful word admire
In ſpeechleſs awe, the hammer and the fire,
While WHITEFIELD melts the ſtubborn rocks, or breaks,
In conſolation, or in thunder ſpeaks,

From

From ſtrength to ſtrength, our young Apoſtle, goes,
Pours like a torrent, and the land o'erflows,
Reſiſtleſs wins his way with rapid zeal,
Turns the world upſide down, and ſhakes the gates of hell!

Such for a length of years his glorious race
He ran, nor e'er look'd back, or ſlack'd his pace;
Starting afreſh, on this alone intent,
And ſtraining up the ſteep of excellent,
Forgetting ſtill the things already done,
And reaching forth to thoſe not yet begun,
Eager he preſs'd to his high calling's prize,
By violent faith reſolv'd to ſcale the ſkies,
And apprehend his LORD in paradiſe.

Thro' his abundant toils, with fixt amaze
We ſee reviv'd the work of ancient days;
In his unſpotted life with joy we ſee
The fervors of primeval piety:
A pattern to the flock by JESUS bought,
A living witneſs of the truths he taught,
Meek, lowly, patient, wiſe above his years,
Redeem'd from earth, with all their hopes and fears,

Not to the vain desires of men he liv'd,
Not with delight their high applause receiv'd,
But prais'd the LORD for what his grace had done,
And simply liv'd to serve his will alone.

The heavenly principle of faith within,
The strong divine antipathy to sin,
The Spirit's law, the meek ingrafted word,
The vital knowledge of an heart-felt LORD,
The nature new, th' incorruptible seed,
Its power throughout his life and actions spread,
And shew'd the man regenerate from above,
By fraudless innocence, and childlike love.

For friendship form'd by nature and by grace,
(His heart made up of truth and tenderness)
Stranger to guile, unknowing to deceive,
In anger, malice, or revenge to live,
He liv'd, himself on others to bestow,
A ministerial spirit, while here below,
Belov'd by all the lovers of his LORD,
By none but Satan's synagogue abhor'd.

Nor did their fierce abhorrence always laſt:
When on the right the goſpel-net he caſt,
The powerful charms of ſoft perſuaſion tried,
And ſhew'd them their Redeemer's hands and ſide,
Love irreſiſtible they could not bear,
Or ſtand againſt the torrent of his prayer,
By bleeding love their hatred he o'ercame,
And ſeiz'd the lawful ſpoils, in JESUS name.

Betwixt the mountain and the multitude,
His life was ſpent in prayer and doing good:
To ſearch the ſacred leaves, his ſoul's delight,
And pray them o'r and o'r by day and night,
To wreſtle on for faith, and faith's increaſe,
To follow after peace and holineſs,
At JESUS feet to catch the quickning word,
And into nothing ſink before his LORD.

Though long by following multitudes admir'd,
No party for himſelf he e'er deſir'd,
His one deſire to make the SAVIOUR known,
To magnify the name of CHRIST alone:

If others ſtrove who ſhould the greateſt be,
No lover of pre-eminence was he,
Nor envied thoſe his LORD vouchſaf'd to bleſs,
But joy'd in theirs as in his own ſucceſs,
His friends in honour to himſelf prefer'd,
And leaſt of all in his own eyes appear'd.

When crouds for counſel or relief applied,
No ſurly ruſtic he, with cruel pride
To bid the ſorrowful intruders wait,
Or ſend the ſuppliants weeping from his gate;
But ever liſtning to the wretch's call,
Courteous, and mild, and pitiful to all.
No prophet ſmooth to men of high eſtate,
No ſervile flatterer of the rich or great,
Their faults he dared with freedom to reprove,
The honeſt freedom of reſpectful love,
And ſweetly forc'd their conſciences to own
He ſought not theirs, but them, for JESUS ſake alone.

To all he rendred what to all he owed,
Whoſe loyalty from true religion flow'd;

The

The man of one conſiſtent character,
Who fear'd his GOD, he *muſt* his King revere:
Fixt as a rock, for all aſſaults prepar'd,
No ſly ſeducers found him off his guard,
But miſs'd their aim to fix the factious brand
On faithful men, the quiet in the land.

Single his eye, tranſparently ſincere
His upright heart did in his words appear,
His chearful heart did in his viſage ſhine;
A man of true ſimplicity divine,
Not always as the ſerpent wiſe, yet love
Preſerv'd him always harmleſs as the dove:
Or if into miſtake thro' haſte he fell,
He ſhew'd what others labour to conceal;
Convinc'd, no palliating excuſes ſought,
But freely own'd his error, or his fault,
Nor fear'd the triumph of ungenerous foes,
Who humbler from his fall, and ſtronger roſe.

When Satan ſtrove the brethren to divide,
And turn their zeal to---who is on my ſide?

One moment warm'd with controverſial fire,
He felt the ſpark as ſuddenly expire,
He felt reviv'd the pure etherial flame,
The love for all that bow'd to JESUS name,
Nor ever more would for opinions fight
With men whoſe life, like his, was in the right.
His ſoul diſdain'd to ſerve the ſelfiſh ends
Of zealots, fierce againſt his boſom-friends,
(Who urg'd him with his boſom-friends to part,
Might ſooner tear the fibres from his heart)
He now the wiles of the accuſer knew,
And caſt him down, and his ſtrong-holds o'rethrew,
With each partition-wall by men deſign'd
To put aſunder thoſe whom GOD had join'd.

How have we heard his generous zeal exclaim,
And load with juſt reproach the bigot's name!
The men by ſameneſs of opinion tied,
Who their own party love, and none beſide;
Or like the Romiſh ſect infallible,
Secure themſelves, and ſend the reſt to hell!

Impartial,

Impartial, as unfeign'd, his love o'erflow'd
To all, but chiefly to the houſe of GOD;
To thoſe who thought his ſentiments amiſs---
O that their hearts were half as right as his,
Within no narrow party-banks confin'd,
But open, and inlarg'd to all mankind!

Lover of all mankind, his life he gave,
Chriſt to exalt, and precious ſouls to ſave:
Nor age, nor ſickneſs could abate his zeal,
To feed the flock, and ſerve the Maſter's will.
Though ſpent with pain, and toils that never ceas'd,
He labour'd on, nor aſk'd to be releas'd;
Though daily waiting for the welcome word,
Longing to be diſſolv'd, and meet his LORD,
Yet ſtill he ſtrangely lived, by means unknown,
In deaths immortal, till his work was done,
And wiſh'd, for CHRIST his lateſt breath to ſpend,
That life and labour might together end.

What after GOD he aſks can GOD deny?
Ripe for the ſummons "Get thee up, and die,"

Mature

Mature in grace, and ready to depart,
The ſpirit cries all-powerful in his heart,
" O that to day might cloſe my miniſtry!
" O that I might to day my SAVIOUR ſee!"

He ſpeaks---and dies! tranſported to reſign
His ſpotleſs ſoul into the hands Divine!
He ſinks into his loving LORD's embrace,
And ſees his dear Redeemer face to face!

O what a GOD is ours! ſo true, and juſt
To all that in his faithful mercies truſt!
Our kind, omnipotent, eternal Friend,
Who freely lov'd, and loves us to the end!
He now receives his honour'd ſervant up,
Nor lets us grieve, as heathen without hope,
Like them who *loſe* their friends at death, like them
Who never knew our LORD and GOD ſupreme;
With whom the ſpirits of the righteous reſt,
Till all the church are gathered to his breaſt.

Ev'n now the cordial hope my ſorrow chears,
And ſtops the current of theſe needleſs tears:

Shall

Shall I a momentary loſs deplore,
Lamenting after him that weeps no more?
What though forbid by the Atlantic wave,
I cannot ſhare my old companion's grave,
Yet at the trumpets call, my duſt ſhall riſe,
With his fly up to JESUS in the ſkies,
And live with him the life that never dies.

O could I firſt perform my Maſter's will,
Faithful in little, and his work fulfil,
Like him I mourn, a ſteward wiſe and good,
Purſuing him, as he his Lord purſued!
O had he dropt his mantle in his flight!
O might his ſpirit on all the prophets light!
But vain the hope of miracles to come;
There's no Eliſha in Elijah's room.

Yet lo! the LORD our GOD for ever lives,
And daily by his word the dead revives;
His Spirit is not reſtrain'd, but ſtriving ſtill,
And carrying on his work by whom he will.

He wills us in our Partner's ſteps to tread;
And call'd, and quicken'd by the ſpeaking Dead,
We trace our ſhining pattern from afar,
His old aſſociates in the glorious war,
Reſolv'd to uſe the utmoſt ſtrength beſtow'd,
Like him to ſpend, and to be ſpent for GOD,
By holy violence ſeize the crown ſo nigh,
Fight the good fight, our threefold foe defy,
And more than conquerors in the harneſs die.

JESUS, preſerve, till Thou our ſouls receive,
And let us in thy Servant's Spirit live!
Thy Spirit breath'd into his faithful breaſt,
Be it in every labourer alike expreſt,
In all our works, and words, and tempers ſeen,
Unbounded charity to GOD and men,
The meek humility, the fervent zeal,
All-patient hope, and faith invincible,
Faith in its primitive ſimplicity,
Faith to walk on, 'till we depart, in Thee.

Thro'

Thro' Thee approaching now the gracious throne,
Our inſtant prayer, an echo of thine own,
We offer up, with all the faithful race,
For all the foes, and ſtrangers to thy grace,
The fallen church, in whoſe defence we ſtand,
To ward thy judgments from a guilty land,
Till wreſtling on, the praying few prevail,
And life and mercy turn the hovering ſcale.
O that the prayer of faith might now return!
O that a nation, of thy Spirit born,
Might riſe thy witneſſes in this their day,
And multitudes of prieſts the truth obey,
The laſt alas, in every age to bring
Back to their hearts their long-neglected King!
Yet now let all believe, at thy command,
And ſpread the goſpel-faith thro' every land,
Till every heart and tongue thy Name confeſs,
And the whole earth's renew'd in righteouſneſs,
O'reflow'd with love, a paradiſe reſtor'd,
For ever fill'd with Thee, the GLORY OF THE LORD!

FINIS.

BRITISH
12 JAN 27
MUSEUM